

A Humorist in Several Languages.
A story having gone the rounds that Opie Read, the humorist of the *Arkansas Traveler*, began his journalistic career under Cowles, of the *Cleveland Leader*, and that the latter had no appreciation of humor, Mr. Read comes to the defense of his old employer:

"I was employed by the Leader Company to do 'humorous' writing, and my sad attempts at wit must have made the old gentleman's hair stand up like the excited tooth-picks on the back of the agitated porcupine. One day, calling me, he said: 'Look here, I wish you wouldn't write any more sketches in the negro dialect. Many of our prominent colored citizens have become offended. Can't you write some other kind of humor?'

"Yes, sir."
"All right; see that you do."

"Several days later he sent for me. 'Look here,' said he, 'I wish you'd drop that German dialect. You don't understand German, do you?'

"No sir."

"Well, then, don't try to write it. I'd much rather you would attempt English. We can't afford to offend our German citizens."

"All right, sir."

"A few days afterward, he came to me and gave me a few more lines of advice, which found me enjoying the same blessing."

"Look here; I notice that you have taken up the Irish dialect. Were you ever in Ireland?"

"No, sir."

"Then don't try to write Irish. Another thing I wish to say. In writing up the baker's strike, you headed the article 'On the Loaf!' What did you mean by that?"

"'W'y, that was a joke."
"So I was told, but I took the paper home with me and studied the question pretty thoroughly, but I can't see where the joke comes in. I must compliment you, though, on one article. That one headed 'The Widow's Last Biscuit,' was one of the most laughable pieces of description I ever read."

"'W'y, Mr. Cowles, that was a pathetic article."

"That so? I thought it was funny. Say, can't you fix it some way so I can distinguish your humor from your pathos? It is embarrassing to be constantly in doubt. Fun must be hilarious. There must be no mistake about it—no room for conjecture. Your sketches are all very well in their way—they show much hard work; what an effort it costs you to enable the compositors to read them, but it strikes me that there is something lacking. Some people say that I have no idea of fun. This is a mistake. Didn't I laugh the other day when Perdue fell down stairs? Of course I did. I don't want you to think that I am hard to please, for I am not, but if you want to make me laugh you must write something funny. You seem to have brought gloom along with you. Can't you shake off the dependency which seems to be clinging to your garments? I think that you have made a mistake in your calling. This very minute you ought to be an undertaker. You would make an excellent hand to lift heavy metallic cases. I have just told Perdue to pay you up. I think you'd better go back to Arkansas. I am sorry that we must part so soon. Good-by," and turning around with a pleasant smile he discharged the city editor and begged the base-ball reporter to throw down his pencil and seek the fresh air of the country."

Byron's Tomb.

Byron, when owner of Newstead Abbey, built a tomb in which he wished to be buried, but at the time of his death the property had passed into the hands of his old schoolmate, Col. Waldman. As the little, square-towered stone church at Hucknall Torkard, three miles away, was the place where the poet attended church when a lad, it seemed appropriate that here his mortal remains should be placed. This was done July 16, 1824.

When the writer of this visited the church some ten years since, he noticed a wreath of leaves upon the wall above the poet's tomb, and recalled this note from the poem, "Burns and Byron," by Joaquin Miller: "The day before my departure for Europe last summer, a small party sailed out of the beautiful sea-front of Saucelito, lying in the great Bay of San Francisco, forever green its crown of California laurel; and there the fairest hands of the youngest city of the new world wove a wreath of bay for the tomb of Byron. I brought it over the Rocky Mountains and the seas, and placed it above the dust of the soldier poet as desired."

The humorous old sexton, in reply to a question asked concerning the history of the wreath, said: "An American poet who admired Byron very much brought it from his country, and, with permission of the rector, placed it there himself. The rector's daughter, who did not think highly of Lord Byron, wanted the wreath removed, and her father said: 'If you take it down, you may; but the daughter did not like ladders! So it remains.' The closing lines of the poem referred to are:

No sign of crypt or stone or cross
Unto the passing world has said
He died, and we deplore his loss."

No sound of scandalous pilgrim's tread
Disturbs the pilgrim's peaceful rest,
Or marks the spot where he has slept.
The bat fits through the open pane,
The black, swift swallow giveth morn,
And builds in peace above his head.
Then goes, then comes and builds again.
And he, not he, is still, not otherwise,
Would he, he is still, not otherwise,
The serene peace of paradise.

He sought 'tis his—the storm is still.
Secure in his eternal home,
And blended pity and respect,
He does not feel the cold neglect,
And England does not bear the shame.

NOTTINGHAM, 1870.

Crystabel's Chestnut Cry.

Crystabel Pendennis, with hot alkaline tears on her damascene cheeks, rushed into her mother's arms and frantically embraced the mantel, and called for a poultice of tea-leaves for her aching and wounded orbs. A red sunset glinted on the western fog, and deep, dark tar-flat-like shadows spread across the three-ply Brussels. Then she tore the chestnut from her pocket—the chestnut which since early childhood she had carried to prevent rheumatism—and threw it into the rosy, rubicund grate, and lifted the red-and-yellow chamois-and-flannel waistcoat from her dimpled shoulders, and pro-

pared to die of consumption. In vain her mother appealed to her, in the name of bric-a-brac, to reveal her sorrow. But at last she dried her Oolong tears, and said: "My sister, the beautiful but dreaded Irene, has fled with the coachman." "But why do you weep, Crystabel?" "Because, mamma, I was engaged to fly with him myself, only she stole my stockings and I cannot get hers on."—*San Francisco Post.*

The Candle Fish.

I first observed the candle fish when I was on the shore of British Columbia. I had lived in an Indian village for nearly a week before I heard anything about the fish, and one beautiful moonlight night was standing on the beach when I saw something that appeared exactly like the reflection of the moon, only it was in the wrong direction. I called the attention of a native, who was not far off, to it, and immediately it seemed to throw him into the greatest excitement. He sang out, "Eulachon!" as loud as he could, and in a few moments at least fifty men were on the beach launching their canoes. There was so much confusion that I could not learn what was the matter, but I tumbled into one of the canoes, and off we went.

There were two men in all the boats but ours, I making a third. One sat in the stern and paddled, while the other stood in the bow with a curious instrument in his hand that until now had not been observed. It looked like an enormous rake, or comb, made of a piece of pine at least eight feet long, with a hole for a grip at the top, the lower part thinning off to an edge, into which was driven sharp iron or bone teeth, from three to four inches apart, so that the weapon resembled a great comb held by the back. The ripple I had seen on the water was an enormous school of fishes, and to surround them now seemed to be the chief object.

The canoes were swiftly paddled out until they were all upon the outside, and then they rushed at them full speed, each man wielding his comb-like scoop and dashing it into the sparkling mass that gleamed like silver, and at every stroke, so thick were the fishes, that the teeth of the comb came up covered with their impaled forms. These were quickly jerked into the boat and another dash made, and on until the school was finally driven in shore, where the excited natives leaped into the water, knee-deep in the throng, and fairly scooped them into their canoes, where their vivid phosphorescence made them look like molten gold. The school seemed so terrified and demoralized that they hugged the shore, and if the men had nets instead of those outlandish combs, they could have captured millions where they only took thousands. The boats were rapidly filled, however, and in an hour the excitement was over and the canoes were hauled by the exhausted fisherman upon the beach.—*A Naturalist's Story.*

The Clothes Basket Superseded.

As a substitute for the conventional clothes basket, a bag is now attached to a triangular table, with a movable top. The bag is hidden by a blouse either of serge, embroidered in crewels, or any fancy material, fixed to the woodwork and reacking to the ground. The top of the table, when on, serves its usual purpose of holding knickknacks. These clothes receptacles are easily made, and generally at home. Another contrivance is to attach a bag to the ordinary towel horse, covering it with American cloth, which should fit as compactly as possible, and fixing it to the lower rails, as the bag is behind. This idea could be carried out with advantage where economy of room is desired.—*American Queen.*

A House-Building Fish.

In Lake Nyassa, in the far interior of Africa, is a kind of black fish which every year builds what the natives call "a house." In the mud at the bottom of the lake it makes a hole some two or three feet broad, allowing the earth removed from the hole to form a little wall around it. The depth of the hole and the height of the wall, measured together, make a small basin from fifteen to eighteen inches deep. In this little lake within a lake the fish feels secure from all enemies, and very quietly keeps house until the eggs are laid, when it becomes restless and leaves the house as a nursery for successors, when it roams about again at will.

Hospitable but Excited.

Dunley was giving a little dinner, and everything was going on nicely. Dunley is a very hospitable man, but lacks self-possession.

I believe, Mr. Dunley," said one of his guests, an old lady, "that you may help me once more to the oysters. I've eaten very heartily of them already, but they are simply delicious."

"Certainly, my dear madam, certainly," replied Mr. Dunley, with excess of hospitality. "I hope you will eat all you want of them. We have a fresh barrel in the cellar, and if that isn't enough we know where we can get—Jane, pass Mrs. Lighteafer the celery."

Times Change.

Forty years ago no man with a mustache could have been elected President. In those days the mustache was considered undignified if not immoral, and a man who sported one was looked upon with suspicion. It was the badge of the adventurer, gambler and the rake in the estimation of many good people. A mustache like Cleveland's would have imperiled the chances of the most popular candidate in the country, and Logan's would have caused an absolute stampede to the other party.—*Bloomington Eye.*

Splendid Honors.

The public should note the fact that the only proprietary medicine on earth that ever received the supreme award of Gold Medal at the great International World Fairs, Industrial Expositions and State Fairs, is St. Jacobs Oil. After the most thorough and scientific tests in hospitals and elsewhere, it has universally triumphed over all competitors, and been proclaimed by Judges and Juries, including eminent physicians, to be the best pain-curing remedy in existence.

When in the Wrong Channel
The bile wreaks grievous injury. Headaches, constipation, pain in the liver and stomach, jaundice, nausea ensue. A few doses of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters will reform these evils and prevent further injury. It is a pleasant aperient its action upon the bowels being unaccompanied by griping. The liver is both regulated and stimulated by it, and as it is very impulsive to disregard disorder of that organ, which through neglect may culminate in dangerous congestion and hepatic abscesses, the Bitters should be resorted to at an early stage. Failure to do this renders a contest with the malady more protracted. Fever and ague, rheumatism, kidney and bladder trouble are remedied by this medicine, and the increased irritability of age mitigated by it. It may be also used in convalescence with advantage, as it hastens the restoration of vigor.

Senator Edmunds' Weakness.

"Senator Edmunds is passionately addicted to onions," said a lady who goes camping with him every season. "His camping for the pungent, pestiferous vegetable is simply awful—I never saw anything like it. When he starts off for his annual holiday in the woods he has an enormous supply of onions among the stores provided for the trip, and then every farmhouse he comes to wants to stop, and buy a few more onions, until every one feels as though he belonged to an onion caravan. While he is in camp his morning meal is an onion and a graham cracker; for his luncheon he takes a graham sandwich and an onion; his dinner consists of meat and onions." In his inordinate appetite for onions may be found the explanation of the dark and mysterious hints as to the personal habits of Senator Edmunds, which formed the basis of the Sun's opposition to him as a possible Republican nominee for President.—*New York Graphic.*

Young men or middle-aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses, should send three letter stamps for illustrated book suggesting sure means of cure. Address World's Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

A FEW FEELING makes us wondrous blind.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Express and Carriage Hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel opposite Grand Central, 600 elegant rooms, the average cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator, Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stage and elevated railroad to all depots. Buffalo can live better for less money at the Grand Union than at any first-class hotel in the city.

MORMONS hold faith in a religious re-serve.

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

IN DEBILITATE. Dr. W. H. Holcombe, New Orleans, La., says: "I found it an admirable remedy for debilitated state of the system, produced by the wear and tear of the nervous energies."

A BASE deceiver is fit for nothing but pay-a-ball.

THE SECRET of the large and constant sales of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound probably lies in the fact that whereas there are many "Bitters" and "Tonics" of equal value, be more or less, the Vegetable Compound is completely superior to all other preparations specially recommended for the needs of women that it has practically no rivals.

A CONNECTICUT man has invented a paper carpet. Of course it will be read.

LOW RATES to Inauguration Ceremonies at Washington.

Mr. E. A. Ford, General Passenger Agent of the Pennsylvania lines, west of Pittsburgh, announces the following low first-class rates for tickets over the Pennsylvania lines to Washington and return, on the occasion of President Cleveland's inauguration, March 4th, next.

The original rates proposed by Mr. Ford for this purpose were considerably less than these, but because of a determination on the part of his competitors that higher rates should prevail, the figures named below were finally adopted as a compromise: From Chicago to Washington and return, \$20.

Solid trains of coaches and Pullman sleeping cars will be run to Washington over the Pennsylvania lines from their various termini in the West, and Mr. Ford assures us that the standard of excellence in all that pertains to the transportation and care of their patrons, for which these lines are already famous, shall be fully maintained on this occasion.

For particulars, address C. W. Adams, Assistant General Passenger Agent, No. 65 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

Are You Discouraged?

Has your physician failed to arrest the disease from which you are suffering? Are you losing faith in medicines, and growing alarmed at your condition? Then give Compound Oxygen a trial. Write to Drs. Staelley & Fales, 110 Girard st., Phila., for their treatise on Compound Oxygen. Sent free.

THE LAST place in the word for a man to economize is in buying a Cough Medicine, yet there are many which are not good. Dr. Ely's Cough Syrup is the best. Cough Syrup has been used for ages. It is a safe, reliable medicine, and instead of asking for Allen's Lung Balsam, the best Cough Syrup he has is to be had.

DR. JOHN BULL'S VEGETABLE WORM DESTROYER is prepared in the form of a candy drop, attractive to the sight and pleasant to the taste.

DR. JOHN BULL'S SMITH'S TONIC SYRUP, BULL'S SARSAPARILLA, BULL'S WORM DESTROYER, The Popular Remedies of the Day.

THE LEPROSUS DISTILLATION, whose effect holds such an enmity with blood of man. That swift as quicksilver, it courses through the natural gates and alleys of the body, and cuts the sinews to behead and above most resemble with vice and louthsome crust." Such are the effects of diseased and morbid bile, the only antidote for which is to cleanse and regulate the liver—an office admirably performed by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery."

EUROPE is always governed by the power behind the throne.

IT'S no secret that Dr. Pierce's Compound Remedy, Dr. W. H. Pierce's Compound Extract of Smart-Weed, and Jamaica Gingers Root, with Camphor, Essence, and constituents, are particularly known as one of the best and purest remedies for all Throat and Lung Diseases, we are particular to use nothing but the best ingredients. NO OPIUM in any form enters its composition. IT is to your interest to stand by the true trial of this medicine, and to be a witness to the effects of the same.

AGENTS WANTED for the *MISSOURI STEAM WASHER!*

IT IS a very useful article, and gives great satisfaction, and is frequently recommended by the medical profession here.

Yours respectfully, A. J. HILEMAN.

ADDISON, Pa., April 1888.

GENTLEMEN:—I can cheerfully say your ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM is recommended to me as a good remedy. Yours truly,

A. C. COLEBROOK, *Editor of the Standard Herald.*

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